Instant Seduction

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/45935569.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Top Will Graham, Episode: s01e01 Apéritif, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Anal Plug, Anal Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of abby's hannibal bingo
Collections:	Hannibal Bingo
Stats:	Published: 2023-03-22 Words: 1,984 Chapters: 1/1

Instant Seduction

by abbymyg

Summary

Hannibal Lecter is a young trainee at the FBI. Jack Crawford decides to bring him to the investigation of the Minnesota Shrike. He meets Will Graham.

For the bingo fill: Instant Seduction

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will dreams about Hannibal for three consecutive nights after they first meet. He should thank him for helping dissipate his nightmares, but he doesn't appreciate the sticky underwear he wakes up to either.

It's not his fault the man is so beautiful. He's young, way too young for him, a simple trainee that Jack insisted on bringing to the case. Supposedly, the boy has excellent grades and a particular way of reasoning that could be useful for them. To make it worse, the FBI Academy's Psychological Profiling professor is retiring soon, and Will is the one that'll replace him. Just thinking of having to endure seeing that beautiful boy every week, he knows it will be pure torture.

So when Will wakes up in his motel room in Minnesota and finds the young man right outside his door holding a food storage bag, he freezes for a moment.

"Where's Jack?" he asks, confused.

"Deposed in court," Hannibal replies with a smile that's too bright for the early hour. "The adventure will be yours and mine today. May I come in?"

Will lets him in. Hannibal walks to the table and places the bag on top.

"A little protein to start the day," he says, taking tupperware from inside it. "Some eggs, some sausage."

They sit at the table and Hannibal watches Will intently as he takes a bite.

"It's delicious," he has to admit. "Thank you."

He senses there's something off about Hannibal's smile, but he doesn't comment on it.

"My pleasure," the boy says. He takes a bite as well.

They discuss the case. Will explains why he thinks the Shrike didn't kill Cassie Boyle, and Hannibal provides his insight. Will tries to sound distant, risking being a bit rude, trying his best to keep his interest in the other man hidden.

"You know," Hannibal says, then takes a sip out of his cup. "I think Uncle Jack sees you as a fragile little teacup, the finest china used for only special guests."

Will laughs, agreeing to a certain extent. "How do you see me?" he asks, curious.

Hannibal grins, looking at him up and down, eyes sliding slowly over Will's body. He looks him in the eye and licks his lips. He smoothly slides his hand until he's touching Will's own."Like someone I wouldn't mind getting on my hands and knees for," he declares.

Will's breath hitches and he experiences a whole body shudder.

"Hannibal," Will warns, dropping his fork in a display of seriousness, catching the hidden meaning behind the boy's words. "I'm old enough to be your father."

It's an exaggeration, but they're still fifteen years apart.

"That has never stopped me before," Hannibal declares, a devious smile on his lips.

"We have an investigation to continue," Will says. It sounds more like he is reminding himself of why he shouldn't do this than explaining it to Hannibal.

Hannibal glances at the wall clock. "We can be quick." He leans in as if to confess a secret. "No one has ever lasted longer than ten minutes."

His words ignite something in Will. Not his competitiveness, his need to prove himself better than all of Hannibal's previous lovers, but his need to make the annoying *brat* shut his fucking mouth.

"Come here," he orders and Hannibal smiles, smelling his triumph in the air.

He gets up from his chair and walks toward Will, who pats his lap. Hannibal chuckles and sits on top of him, throwing his arms around his head. The brat grinds his hips against him, rubbing his ass on top of his growing erection. Will lets out a soft gasp and he laughs, amused.

"Has anyone ever told you you are incredibly annoying?" Will complains, even when his hands wrap around Hannibal's waist to keep him upright.

"Mn, am I?" Hannibal asks, leaning in to lick a stripe of Will's neck. He sneaks his fingers between both of their bodies until he can touch the base of Will's cock. "This part of you doesn't seem to agree."

Will groans at the contact.

"You think I didn't notice the way you were looking at me, back in Jack's office?" Hannibal whispers against his neck. "You looked like you wanted to eat me, Agent Graham." His teeth scrape Will's skin, biting lightly.

Will grabs a handful of Hannibal's hair and yanks, separating him from his neck. "Don't get ahead of yourself, brat," he says.

Hannibal moans, eyes shining with mischief. He takes his hand off Will's cock and waits patiently for further instructions.

"On the bed," he orders, "on your hands and knees."

Hannibal smiles, happy to be getting what he wanted, and obediently gets up from Will's lap and walks to the bed. His heart beats in anticipation.

The mattress dips behind him, alerting him of Will's silent approach. The man raises Hannibal's shirt, taking it out from where it's tucked into his pants. His warm hands make

contact with Hannibal's cold skin, making the boy let out a pleased sigh. Will traces his spine with his fingers. Hannibal makes soft sounds in response, akin to low moans, that Will is pretty sure he is faking, intending to seduce him. It causes him to roll his eyes, but he can't deny that it's working.

Will lowers Hannibal's pants, along with his underwear.

He stops, speechless.

Hannibal is wearing a plug. A pink glass pretty thing, with a heart-shaped base that doesn't seem to fit with Will's first impression of the boy.

Will can't help but laugh at the brat's sheer nerve.

Still, he toys with the base, eliciting actual, real moans from the younger man.

"I can't believe you," Will says, shaking his head. "What were you going to do if I rejected your advances?" he asks. "Just walk around all day investigating with this thing inside you?"

"I knew you wouldn't reject me," Hannibal says, twisting his body to look him in the eye, with a smug smile on his lips.

Will doesn't think twice before sending a sharp slap to Hannibal's buttcheek that makes him cry out. The boy's jaw hangs open in surprise, shocked at both Will's action and his own reaction.

"We'll have to do something about that ego," Will says simply.

Hannibal licks his lips but says nothing.

Will grabs the base of Hannibal's plug and pulls. Hannibal is sure he is going to take it completely off but, instead, Will brings it almost all the way out and pushes it inside again, fast. Hannibal moans, feeling the tip brushing his prostate. Will smirks and repeats the motion again, and again, enjoying Hannibal's moans and the squelch of the lube.

The situation extends for what seems like ages to Hannibal. He's beginning to think Will won't ever *directly* touch him when he lets the plug out, letting it fall on the mattress.

"There's lube in the pocket of my pants," Hannibal says.

"Of course there is," Will sighs, unsurprised.

He finds the bottle and Hannibal hears the characteristic 'pop' sound of the flip cap opening. He smells the faint strawberry scent of the lube as Will pours it into his hands. He lets the liquid warm between his palms. Hannibal clenches around nothing, in anticipation of what's to come. This is the part where most men wouldn't waste a second of their time, simply slick their cock in lube and enter his already dilated hole.

Will surprises him by inserting his fingers inside of him. The three digits stretch him a bit more, but Hannibal knows he's ready. He doesn't need any more stretching.

“Will,” he calls, feeling his heart warm at Will’s thoroughness. “It’s okay, I’m ready. I can take it. You can fuck me”

“Who said anything about wanting to fuck you?” Will says. “You’ll have to get off on my fingers and mouth alone unless you *beg* for it,” he adds, giving a soft bite to Hannibal’s cheek. “And I don’t take you for someone that likes to beg, right, Hannibal?”

Hannibal moans, astounded. He’s used to people begging him to fuck him, throwing themselves at his feet. He never has to put in any effort. It’s the first time he encounters someone like Will Graham.

His cheeks color red at the mere idea of doing what the man asked of him, but still, his heart beats with excitement, taking it as a new challenge. A competition, even. He wonders if he can make Will change his mind. If he endures long enough without saying anything, maybe the other man will give up and fuck him anyway.

That doesn’t happen.

Will takes his time fingering him, assaulting Hannibal’s prostate with every small thrust of them, then uses his tongue to tease at his hole and balls. He lets his tongue inside to accompany his fingers, and Hannibal’s cognitive ability jumps out of the window. He’s reduced to a moaning, gasping, crying mess that doesn’t know how to think rationally anymore. He isn’t aware of anything but *Will, Will, Will.*

He opens and closes his mouth, still experiencing some resistance against begging, but Will is purposefully missing his prostate now, delaying his release, and Hannibal can’t take it anymore.

“Please,” he begs, voice high-pitched. “Please.”

“Please what?” Will asks, quirking an eyebrow even though Hannibal can’t see him.

He stops his motions completely and Hannibal *whines* , not caring about his pride anymore.

“Fuck me, please,” he begs. “I need you inside me, Will. Please.”

“See, you could ask nicely,” the man says, mocking. “It wasn’t that hard, was it?”

Hannibal has to bite his tongue not to cuss him out. Instead, he nods.

“I’ll have no other option but to oblige, then,” Will says.

Hannibal hears the unmistakable sound of Will’s zipper opening, followed by the pouring of lube. Will strokes himself a couple of times and Hannibal wants to turn to take a peek, but Will’s hands find his waist, firmly holding it in place.

He feels Will’s cock brush against his hole and he holds his breath in anticipation, expecting Will to take his sweet time with this as well, as he did with everything else.

But he doesn’t.

Will thrusts inside, hard, fast, aiming directly for his prostate, and Hannibal *screams.*

He arches back and presses his face into the mattress, squeezing the sheets.

“Oh,” he pants, “oh! I’m—”

Will pulls out and plunges straight back in, making Hannibal moan loudly as he tries his best to maintain control, which proves to be a difficult task when he feels so *full* of the other’s length. He’s being fucked hard and fast. No finesse whatsoever. And he loathes admitting he’s enjoying every single minute of it.

“Mn?” Will asks, amused. “What happened, Hannibal? Can’t talk anymore?”

Hannibal really wants to sink a knife into this man’s flesh. He fantasizes about it for a short moment, but the image of Will covered in blood only manages to turn him on even more. His cock twitches. He knows he’s close.

“I’m…close,” he manages to say between moans.

“Good.”

Will wraps his fingers around Hannibal’s cock and he only has time to stroke it a couple of times before the boy comes, all over his hand and the sheets below him, with a loud groan.

“Beautiful.” Will kisses the small of his back.

He keeps fucking Hannibal through his orgasm, hard and deep, until he finally comes, spilling inside Hannibal, filling him up.

Hannibal’s legs shake slightly as if they are made out of jelly. The pleasure lingers as he tries his best to catch his breath and calm his racing pulse down.

Will gets out of him and quickly replaces his cock with the plug, pushing it inside Hannibal’s well-fucked hole with ease.

“There,” he says, satisfied. “You have to wear it all day today unless you want to be punished.”

God , Hannibal thinks, *what did I get myself into?*

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! You can follow me on twitter here

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!